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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

HOOFS

Beware! Beware!

Hark to the beat! The trampling beat!
Of the satyrs' feet! Galloping feet!
Hark to the sound! The maddening sound!
They stamp the ground! They gash the ground!
The long grass tickles their legs, their heels!
They come in clattering swoops and reels!

Beware! Beware!

Beware their hoofs! Their pounding hoofs!
Like hail on roofs! On rickety roofs!
They scatter the flowers! The fields of flowers!
In petalling showers! Yellow-red showers!
With crashing hammer and thud and pound
The satyrs leap in a whirling bound!

Beware! Beware!

Their hoofs will shatter your garden walk!
Their pound will smother your cautious talk!
They'll batter your red-geranium pot!
They'll gut your cabbage and onion plot!

Winifred Waldron

Hark from the hill!—the forest hill!
Where trees are still! !
Hark to the beat! !
The laughter beat! The echoing beat
Of hammering feet! In the after heat
Of a clattering run, through miles of sun!

Beware! Beware!

SWALLOWS

White bellied swallows
Skim cañon hollows—
 Veering
 And sheering,
Wild criss-crossing arrows!

Your to-days curve in sweet dips;
On the tilt of your wing-tips
Sun after sun follows!
What of the blue to-morrows?

Winifred Waldron